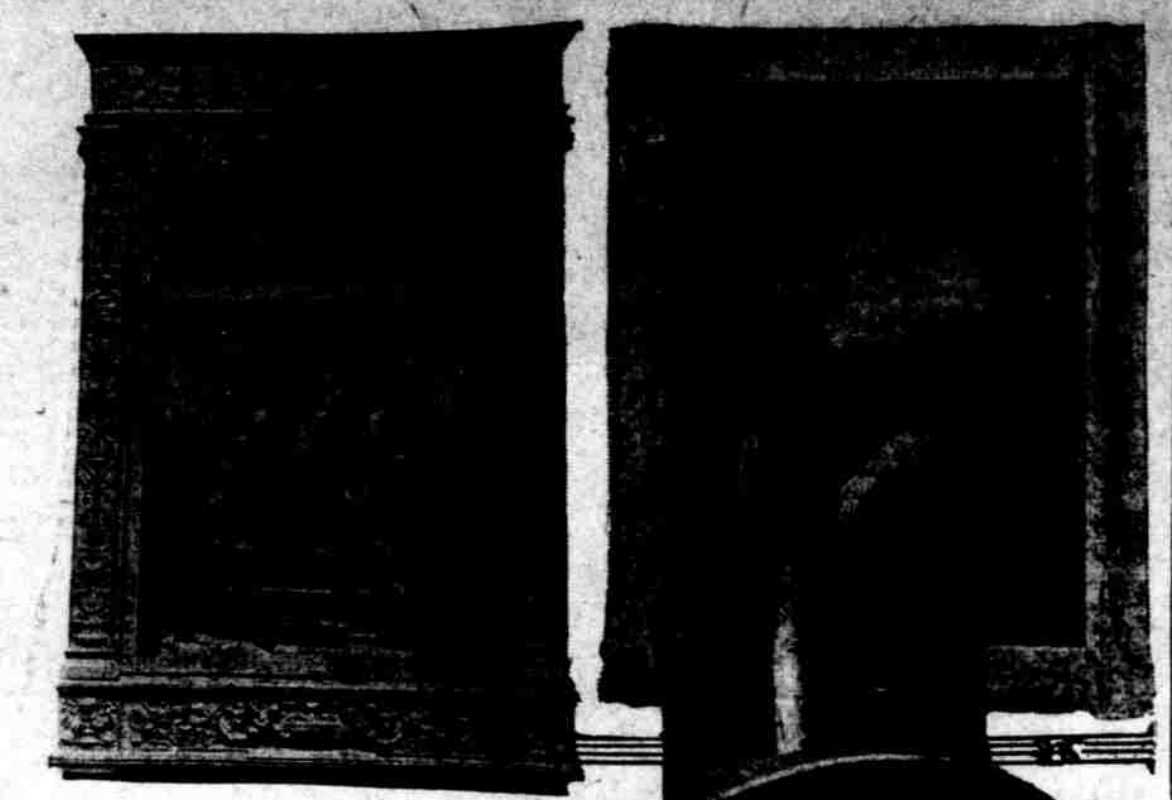


Is J. Pierpont Morgan a Philistine?

SHOWS LITTLE INTEREST IN FATHER'S ART WORKS

Admits He Will Sell Part of Treasures



Sum Invested Estimated Val-
riously at from \$50,000-
000 to \$125,000,000.
Insured for \$34,000,000.

Is J. Pierpont Morgan a Philistine?

The art lovers of America have asked themselves this question many times in the last month. What is the attitude toward the rare and the beautiful of the man who owns the most stupendous private collection ever assembled—the objects which have raised young New York to the first rank as a museum city?

When J. Pierpont Morgan the elder died he left his son a great deal of money, but with it several onerous burdens. He left him the duty of explaining a series of colossal financial operations in which the globe has been engaged, and which, as head of the house of Morgan, but most perplexing of all he left him this weighty burden, this gigantic white elephant of art.

Why wealthy—why a white elephant? Because the American people have come to believe in some way or other without special rhyme or reason that these art treasures belong to it. Perhaps it is an intuitive feeling—a feeling that American dollars, the sweat of American brows, the straining of American muscles, and the collective thinking of American brains bought this hoard.

At Museum Receptions. The elder Morgan fostered this idea, undoubtedly. He is said to have expressed the wish to make New York the leading art center of the world. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to stand as one of the reception committee at a function of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and meet the art aristocracy (far different from the aristocracy of wealth) which crowded in.

Is J. Pierpont Morgan the younger a chip of the old block? He is no longer a young man. He is now forty-seven years old. In build, personal appearance, manner of dress, he greatly resembles his father at the same age. He has his father's imperative, forceful manner. He has his father's Olympian gruffness. He has his father's habits of hard work, and love of yachting. He has fitted so well into his father's niche that those who criticize the Morgan financial dealings often fail to discriminate between the works of the father and the works of the son.

But what of that other Morgan, the Morgan of the exquisite marble library, the Morgan of the Prince's Gate treasure house, the Morgan of the Cope of Ascoli, the Morgan who was the despair of Europe? Outwardly "young" Mr. Morgan has shown little interest in those things which his father reveled. He has become officially identified with the Metropolitan Museum, but this was to be expected ex officio—from the heritage of his father.

Will Sell Portion. Moreover—and this is the point so eagerly watched in art circles—he admits that he will sell part of his father's

WARNING TO PARENTS.

It is risky to feed raw milk and cream to children or invalids unless you are sure that at the farm which produces the milk the utmost cleanliness is observed at all times, particularly during milking; that the employees are thoroughly healthy and cleanly persons; that the cows are free from disease; that the water used for rinsing is of undoubted purity, and that the milk is quickly cooled and kept cold and covered until delivered to you.

Raw milk often produces Tuberculosis, Scarlet Fever, also Typhoid and other intestinal diseases.

We can guard against infection by properly pasteurizing milk by home pasteurization.

Properly pasteurizing milk (and cream) by keeping it at 160° F. for twenty to thirty minutes does not affect its nutritive value nor its digestibility.

The best system is to pasteurize the milk after it has been bottled.

You can home pasteurize raw milk by heating it to near boiling, then cool, and keep cold and covered until used.

Most indigestion in babies is caused by milk too rich in cream.

Society for Prevention of Sickness, E. REILLY, Secretary



Below is seen J. Pierpont Morgan, heir to the financial kingdom of America, in faultless attire. On the left above is Raphael's 'Colonna Madonna,' painted in 1505, for which the present owner's father paid \$500,000. It was created originally for the nuns of St. Anthony of Padua, at Perugia. On the right is Rubens' portrait of the famous Anne of Austria. Notice the enormous sleeves and the immense collar.

treasures. Part? How large a part? Will it be simply some of the old German's unlucky purchases—the results of the incidents in which according to common report his shrewdness was tested? Or will it be such disposal of intrinsic elements as will destroy the fabric of this wonderful collection.

Disregarding the care and worry, consider the financial drain. Here is a sum variously estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$125,000,000 tied up in beauty and rarity. It pays not a cent of interest. It may be increasing in value, but that is not income. It is insured for about \$5,000,000 and the annual premiums on this insurance amount to \$100,000.

One would think Morgan would wish to turn over his collections to the American people simply to get it off his mind. Also to get the \$100,000 annual premium payment off his profit and loss account.

What is the moving factor? According to many it is anger at the American people for assailing his father's memory at the same time as demanding the gift of \$50,000,000 in things beautiful to look at.

Angry at the City. According to others it is his anger at the city of New York in the ill-housing of the collections, and dilatoriness in erecting further museum buildings. It is notorious that the elder Morgan was displaced at the city fathers' side between the works of the father and the works of the son.

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his temple only the chosen few have entered. Here Mr. Morgan played the best horse trading game of the century. He reached the public eye. All of its wonders were probably known to Mr. Morgan and his library, Miss Belle Green.

THIS FIG DIED A MARTYR.

Farmer Cuts Him Open to Find Lost Money—Fig Was Honest.

Paris, Feb. 7.—A farmer named Rieu, in the south of France, dropped his pocket-book full of banknotes, in his farmyard.

When he discovered his loss he found the pocket-book ripped open, by the side of one of his finest fat pigs. M. Rieu at once jumped to the conclusion that the big had eaten the notes and killed the animal. To his despair, however, he found no signs of the bank notes and he has this lost not only his money but also his pig.

WORKMAN LIVED ON HAY.

Was Accidentally Locked in Barn While Asleep.

Paris, Feb. 7.—Albert Keragan, a workman, has been rescued from a barn at Lezardrieux, near Lorient, after having subsisted exclusively on hay.

Ten days ago he was caught in a snowstorm and took refuge in the building, where he fell asleep. Shortly afterward the owner, observing that the door of the barn was ajar, closed and bolted it.

Keragan, after his rescue, stated he was unable to obtain any refreshment, and cried for help, and that the only food he had eaten for several days was hay.

DANCING TEACHERS TO CODIFY TANGO.

Believe that at Present Time There Are Too Many Varieties of the Dance.

INNOVATIONS FROM CHINA.

Paris, Feb. 7.—An international congress of dancing masters is to be held in Paris next Easter for the purpose of "codifying" the tango.

At present there are almost as many varieties of the dance as there are teachers, and some of the varieties are certainly of a kind that justify in some degree the denunciation of high ecclesiastical and royalty. But the real drawback of this tango chaos is the virtual impossibility of finding a partner beforehand who can dance the same tango as oneself.

Consequently, the custom has grown up of arranging one's partner beforehand and not dancing with any one else. As a novelty this custom was popular last season, and the "unsocial" dance was all the vogue, but now that the novelty has worn off the charm is rapidly evaporating also.

If the tango is codified, it will be the only standard ballroom dance, except the waltz, which in its early days was just as chaotic. Meanwhile, Paris is threatened with new dances not from the Argentine, but from China.

According to a French expert, the tango is no longer "le dernier cri," but is yielding the place to the leading Paris academic to the "tango" and the "tango." Their introduction is on a par with the present craze for Chinese effects in furniture and decoration and the prevailing Orientalism in music and art.

Items, General and Personal, Of Interest to G. P. O. Workers

Mrs. Louise Chatterton, reader on specifications, is in Charleston, S. C., for the benefit of her health.

The G. P. O. chorus, under the leadership of Benjamin A. Lineback, is rehearsing the pieces to be rendered at the exercises on Washington's Birthday, on which occasion Secretary of Labor Wilson will be the orator.

Joseph C. Kauffman, who has been incapacitated for several months, reported for duty in the monotype section last Monday. Mr. Kauffman is a veteran of the civil war, and has been an employee of the G. P. O. for many years.

Harry C. ("Kid") Williams, formerly a Washington printer, but for a number of years a member of "Big Six" of New York, with the politics of which he is actively engaged, was in the city several days during the past week.

Pressman Joseph J. Birmingham is doing a detail as a member of the postal-card force.

Edward F. Geyer, of the night estimating section, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

William McEaney, chief of the night title-page section, has been absent from the office for several days, owing to the serious illness of his mother.

Martin L. Statler, chairman of the Joe M. Johnson campaign committee, has organized a committee of seventy-five active members of Columbia Union to aid in electing Mr. Johnson agent of the Printers' Home.

Thomas P. Maloney, who has been foreman of one of Washington's best job printing plants for a number of years, is reading proof on one of the daily papers.

Mrs. Cecilia Moore met with quite an ovalion in the pressroom on Monday last, her first appearance at the office since she met with a street car accident some weeks ago.

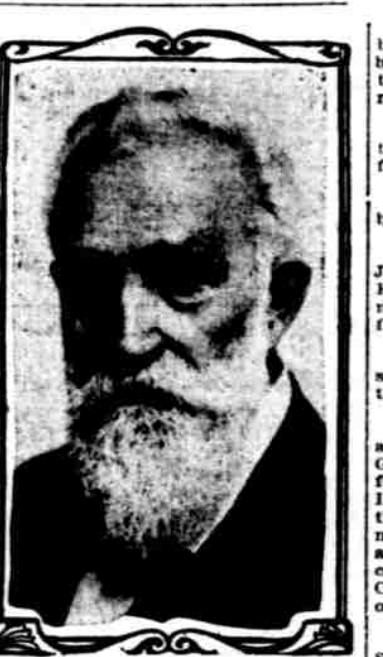
Phil Nachman, of the day keyboard force, is a member of the Kalipolis Grotto Band, recently organized.

Hugo Zwicker, of the night keyboard force, recently was called hurriedly to Indianapolis by the serious illness of his father.

Edmund A. Hutchinson, who resigned from the G. P. O. some months ago to accept a clerkship in the Interior Department, has made good and has been assigned to service in the field.

Proofreader William W. Frye was detailed as referee several days during the past week.

Everett S. Whittemore, expert machinist of the linotype section, is seriously ill in Georgetown University Hospital.



JAMES A. SCOTT

Sixty-five years actively engaged as a printer, forty-six of those years as an employee of the Government Printing Office, is the record of James A. Scott, who recently celebrated his eighty-third birthday, on which occasion he was presented by the proofroom chapel, of which he is a member, with a gold watch.

Mr. Scott was born at Fairfield, near Gettysburg, Pa., in 1831, and at eighteen years of age began his apprenticeship to the printing trade in the office of the Adams Sentinel, a weekly paper published by Robert Goodloe Harper. In 1852 he went to New York and was employed there for several years as a compositor, and there first joined the Typographical Union, which makes him a continuous member for more than half a century.

He enlisted in 1861 in Cole's Maryland Cavalry (a battalion of 400 men), and served throughout the civil war, and was mustered out of the service in Baltimore in 1865. In 1866 he entered the employ of McGill & Withrow, of this city, that firm then having the contract for printing the specifications of patents.

In the same year Congress ordered the work to be done at the G. P. O., and Mr. Scott became a member of the force selected by Public Printer DeFrees to do the composition, being afterward promoted to the position of foreman of the various chapels, which he held sixteen years. Later he became a reader in the main proofroom.

Charles H. Bauer, monotype keyboard operator, has been transferred from the day to the night force.

Joseph E. Goodkey, of the night keyboard force, has decided to enter the race for delegate from Columbia Union to the Providence convention of the International Typographical Union.

George P. Nichols, candidate for the board of trustees of the Union Printers' Home, it is reported, has severed his connection with the job printing establishment of Baltimore, where he has been connected for several years, and is reading proof on one of the daily papers.

New Thackeray Letters Made Public

REVEAL HOPELESS PASSION FOR MRS. BROOKFIELD

Notes Hidden in Lambert Collection

Missives Which Astonish Students of Great Novelist to Be Sold at Public Auction February 25.

New York, Feb. 7.—Students and lovers of Thackeray may read a new and most interesting chapter in the life of the great novelist in his letters to and concerning Mrs. William H. Brookfield, which form a part of the collection of the late Maj. William H. Lambert, which is to be sold at the Anderson galleries beginning February 25.

All the world knows of Thackeray's friendship with Mrs. Brookfield, but there are few living persons who know that the friendship was, at least on Thackeray's part, the compelling passion of his life, that he was as great in his reclusion as in his love and that in spite of all his care he quarreled with Mr. Brookfield. All this becomes known for the first time through the letters which Maj. Lambert guarded carefully during his lifetime.

What was previously known of Thackeray's relations with Mrs. Brookfield is revealed in the collection of letters once owned by Augustin Daly and purchased last week by J. Morgan in 1913 for \$15,000. Maj. Lambert was the underbidder at the Daly sale. He used to say with much satisfaction and pride that while Mr. Morgan owned the letters which the public had read, he possessed letters the public had never seen.

Full History Not Known.

Just how these more intimate letters of the Brookfield correspondence came into Maj. Lambert's hands is not known. When James Russell Lowell was Minister to England in 1890-1892 Mrs. Brookfield submitted her entire Thackeray correspondence to him, asking that he take out any letters which he thought should not be published. Lowell undertook this work and did it with so much care and discretion that little of a private nature remained in the "Collection of Letters of Thackeray," published in 1891, and there seems to be no reason why the more intimate letters should not be made public now. In fact, Mrs. Brookfield herself wrote:

"If every one of these letters could be made public without the slightest restriction they would all the more redound to his honor. It is necessary to recall in connection with these letters that Thackeray's wife lost her mind early in their married life and had to be confined. She lived to be seventy-six years old, long surviving her husband."

Mrs. Brookfield was the cousin of Arthur Hallam, who was immortalized by Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Her husband was a clergyman of small accomplishments, who had known Thackeray at Cambridge. He introduced Thackeray into his home circle and Thackeray was ever after—except when his attentions had excited the anger of the husband—a frequent visitor at the Brookfield home. He wrote letters to Mrs. Brookfield from all parts of the world.

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facilities, but in Thackeray's slant style, which he used only for foreign letters or on particular occasions. Some doubt has been cast upon this style as the not a slant style, but he refers to the change in one of the letters.

Mr. Brookfield and Mrs. Thackeray were good friends for a long time, in spite of Thackeray's unrequited affection for the clergyman's wife, and the first of the series of letters is one to M. Cassat asking him to conduct Mr. Brookfield about Paris, as he had some time before conducted the novelist. This was probably written in 1839.

Eight years later Thackeray had apparently allowed his affection for Mrs. Brookfield to get the better of his discretion and had spoken with too much enthusiasm and in too public a manner of his regard and had been properly called to account by the watchful Mr. Brookfield. On his way home he writes the following to Mr. Brookfield:

"Under the confidential seal in the railway . . . Her innocence, looks, angelic sweetness and kindness charm and ravish me to the highest degree, and every now and then in contemplating them I burst out into uncouth rapture. They are not the least dangerous—it is a sort of artificial delight (a spiritual sensuality so to speak)—other beautiful objects in Nature so affect me, children, landscapes, harmonies of color, music, etc. . . . My dear old fellow, you and God Almighty may know all my thoughts about your wife; I'm not ashamed of one of them, since the days of the dear old two penny tart dinner at the 'Evins' Hereby I wish to bid you station. Well, I have opened my bowels to you. Indeed there has not been much secret before; and I've always admired the generous spirit in which you have witnessed my queer returns. If I had envy, or what you call passion, or a wicked thought . . . I should have cut you long ago."

Some Views on Immortality. The next of the collection in which Thackeray refers to his affection for Mrs. Brookfield is apparently the second sheet of a continuing letter of the previous day. It is addressed to Mrs. Brookfield and was sent from Brighton in November or December, 1843. It reads:

"My dear lady, we will do better; we will love each other while we may, here and afterward: If you go first you will kneel for me in Heaven and bring me there; if I, I swear the best thought I have is to remember that I shall have your love surviving me and with a constant tenderness blessing my memory. I can't perish living in your heart. That in itself is a sort of seal and assurance of my continuing to live in your love. I yet in the love of my survivors? Isn't that a warrant for immortality almost? Say that my two dearest friends precede me and enter into glory; I shall spot and angelical. I feel that I have two advocates in Heaven, and that my love penetrates there as it were. It seems to me that love proves God. By love I believe in a clergyman of small accomplishments, who had known Thackeray at Cambridge. He introduced Thackeray into his home circle and Thackeray was ever after—except when his attentions had excited the anger of the husband—a frequent visitor at the Brookfield home. He wrote letters to Mrs. Brookfield from all parts of the world.

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